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August 24, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Strange Past of Fidel Castro

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

Any Old Hook

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Why the South Must Prevail

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by ..... E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
L. BRENT BOZELL · JAMES BURNHAM · FRANK S. MEYER
GARRY WILLS · ROBERT PHELPS · REVILO OLIVER

For the Record

Delegates to the World Youth Festival planted 3,000 trees in the New Friendship Park near the Moscow River. Students from Communist China carved on the trunks: "Our friendship is evergreen and everlasting." . . . An anonymous tipster told an American delegate to the Festival that Molotov had committed suicide. . . . A $52 million suit filed against Loews, Inc., by a group of screenwriters for alleged blacklisting may be tried this fall. Thrown out by the District Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals, the case was taken to the Supreme Court which granted certiorari, intimating that the suit involves substantial questions of law.

The White House is studying Ralph J. Cordiner's plan to trim defense costs by more than $5 billion in the next five years. The Cordiner program would pay servicemen for their skills rather than for their time in uniform. . . . The government—which now offers 4 per cent on its short term bonds—is having trouble financing the $17 billion needed to service the national debt. . . . While federal employment has increased by 33,400 during the last two years, that in local and state government has jumped 410,000—or six times as fast.

The proposal at the London Conference that the USSR and the U. S. submit their planes to search prior to aerial inspection tours was calmly greeted by Air Force higher-ups. The reason: each camp expects to use guided missiles rather than bomb-laden planes in the event of all-out attack. . . . The House Government Operations Committee has called for a $20 billion system of air raid shelters. The Civil Defense Administration's plan to evacuate cities, it concluded, is hopelessly obsolete.

The Daily Worker has made a cause célèbre out of the tobacco industry's insistence that no absolute correlation has been established between smoking and cancer. Capitalists, the Worker reminds us, regularly sacrifice the people for profit.

Attributing the advance of one-worldism to Washington lobbies operating in its behalf, a group of conservatives has developed plans for a countervailing lobby. Inquiries about the "Liberty Lobby" should be directed to: Willis A. Carto, P. O. Box 5311, San Francisco, California.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Lord Altrincham complains in the *National and English Review* of the quality of the royal prose in England. Milord doesn't know when he is well off.

● The disarmament game—who can prove the other side more insincere?—reached a new level of zaniness last week in London. The U.S. advanced proposals designed to prevent "surprise attacks." They are: 1) planned inspection flights, following previously charted air lanes, over a limited part of Russia, and 2) inspection planes that carry an official of the country to be surveyed, to check the plane lest it stray away from its "beat." That will end any surprise by anybody preparing a surprise in full view of the charted flights of the enemy one is preparing to surprise.

● The House of Representatives, upholding Chairman Lewis Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission, has rejected the public ownership lobby's proposal to appropriate $55 million for six government-owned nuclear reactors to produce electrical power. House statists had hoped to set a precedent that would control development of mankind's principal long-term source of energy. Happily, they have lost the first round. By a close vote, to be sure; but they lost.

● The French priest-patriot, Father Bruckberger, once analyzed America's Suez policy in revealing terms: we have a Willie Loman's desperate hunger for friends and influence and universal respect. And so, like Aesop's dog at the stream, we always drop our true friends and reach into the shining distance. It is refreshing, then, to hear Mr. Dulles—put on the spot by the House Appropriations Subcommittee for not gratifying our indiscriminate thirst for international love—turn at last and talk sense: "We try to maintain friendly relations with some foreign countries; not all." If our effort "saves a country from Communism, a people, an area . . . I do not care whether they like us or hate us. We will have accomplished our purpose."

● The Egyptian navy—last heard from when Cleopatra's ships turned poop and fled from the galleys of Octavius at Actium—suddenly re-entered history two months ago when two Soviet submarines hoisted the Egyptian flag in Alexandria harbor. Syria is now awaiting the arrival of a similar pair, and so makes ready to join the world's naval powers. And both nations, along with Yemen at the base of the Arabian Peninsula, are busily unpacking tanks and guns from Soviet arsenals, and welcoming the Red Army "technicians" and "instructors" who pour out of Soviet air transports. Presumably the arms and technicians are refugees from the Soviet pacifism of which Valerian Zorin is the prophet.

● The Sunday *Times* praised the Americans who dared go to the Moscow Youth Festival and stun the Russians with American charm (here append charming pictures). This is the American propaganda the *Times* usually recommends. So do the Russians. They invited the young Americans to Moscow and then to China, gave them free care, displayed them everywhere like flags. It is hard to suppose these are flags of their own defeat. The Russians are masters of the "guided tour," the effective use of a visitor's every move. For every Russian who spoke to an American there are thousands who will see their charm only in the setting, and from the slant, of Russian papers and posters. The State Department knows this better than the *Times,* but it must speak low, since the Russians are casting the American visitors as defiant and pursued. Under the protection of the *Times,* haloed in its pictures, the young people feel the messianic mantle descend on them; propagandists without training, they will grasp every hand extended to them, follow every guided tour.

● The Norwegian weekly *Farmand* makes a first-hand observation which challenges the contention that a "cultural interchange" with Iron Curtain countries promotes "mutual understanding." "The Russians," says *Farmand*, ". . . look upon foreigners as official representatives of other countries, and furthermore, as representatives who are in Russia with the knowledge and acquiescence of the Soviet government. This applies to all foreigners, not only to those attending festivals." Thus, says *Farmand*, no Russian would put his thoughts and feelings "on view to foreigners . . . The Russians are curious about visitors from abroad, but have no faith in them."

● The thing that intrigues us about the Wise Woman of Hyde Park is the omniscience that enables her to know so much more than uninspired mortals. In the latest of Her Days she assures us that Colonel Abel "evidently had been watched by the FBI for the nine years since he entered this country illegally," and "therefore, he has done no harm to us because of the protection given by our own intelligence agents." Now the best information available to us—from a source in which we have every confidence—is that the FBI knew nothing about Colonel Abel until three

months ago. We are therefore unable to follow Mrs. Roosevelt when she draws the ineluctable moral, which, as she puts it in her inimitable prose, is that the affair of Colonel Abel proves "that we do not need to put so many people under suspicion as we have been doing."

● "Frustration and despair," Judge Robert Morris told the New York State Convention of the American Legion, has settled on those who are professionally engaged in exposing the Communist conspiracy. As chief counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee Judge Morris described the practical consequences of the Supreme Court's welter of irresponsible decisions, which have had the effect, among others, of reinstating three hundred government officials dismissed as security risks, releasing top Communist officials imprisoned under the Smith Act, and paralyzing the congressional investigating committees and the FBI. "Time is running out," he warned the Legion, for Americans who still intend to give the lie to Khrushchev's prophecy—that our grandchildren will live in a Soviet society.

● At a time when the White House is still insisting on the need for foreign aid in fantastically huge amounts, it develops that American tourists this year are scattering a billion and a half dollars in good folding money among the nations of Europe. The billion and a half, it should be noted, goes directly into the pockets of citizens without any of it being skimmed off to support socialist experiments in government, or to keep politicians in office, or merely to pay the salaries and printers' bills incurred in running bureaucratic establishments designed to keep count of and to channel funds. Moreover, the billion and a half builds up none of that false gratitude which has been denominated "a lively interest in favors to come." We are all for more tourists—and we suggest that Congress deduct at least a billion and a half from the foreign-aid bill now pending. That will leave still more money in the pockets of American citizens—to spend abroad.

● Libraries—according to a distinguished architect who lately addressed a librarians' conference in California—should take down their "QUIET" signs, and fill their reading rooms with television sets, news teletypes, stock-market tickers, and hi-fi's. We agree that books tend to be distracting, but we can think of a simpler way to render them unobtrusive. Why not reprint all the books in the library in white ink on white paper?

● An alternative to killing a cat by not drowning it in cream is to kill it by drowning it in cream. Which is what the State Department has just done with the inquiry growing out of Senator Fulbright's demand, last January, for a full-scale canvass of the Near East events that produced the Suez crisis. Instead of trying—as it normally does—to withhold the needed documents, the Department buried Fulbright's subcommittee beneath an avalanche of classified material so great that it could not, with its limited resources, possibly deal with it: the Senator decided this week to say "Uncle," and called the inquiry off.

● With dogged determination, the English *will* be enlightened about the Empire: the British Empire Leprosy Association is, for instance, the latest of many organizations to delete the word "Empire" from its name, in behalf of anti-imperialism. One recent occurrence, however, has upset this progressive national attitude. Delegates to the African National Congress in Uganda had planned to display a great banner saying "We are fed up with the British Government," but, finding the message too long, were forced to put it on two banners. The first read, "We are fed"; the second, "Up with the British Government." The British Leprosy Association may yet recant.

Why the South Must Prevail

The most important event of the past three weeks was the remarkable and unexpected vote by the Senate to guarantee to defendants in a criminal contempt action the privilege of a jury trial. That vote does not necessarily affirm a citizen's intrinsic rights: trial by jury in contempt actions, civil or criminal, is not an American birthright, and it cannot, therefore, be maintained that the Senate's vote upheld, pure and simple, the Common Law.

What the Senate did was to leave undisturbed the mechanism that spans the abstractions by which a society is guided and the actual, sublunary requirements of the individual community. In that sense, the vote was a conservative victory. For the effect of it is—and let us speak about it bluntly—to permit a jury to modify or waive the law in such circumstances as, in the judgment of the jury, require so grave an interposition between the law and its violator.

What kind of circumstances do we speak about? Again, let us speak frankly. The South does not want to deprive the Negro of a vote for the sake of depriving him of the vote. Political scientists assert that minorities do not vote as a unit. Women do not vote as a bloc, they contend; nor do Jews, or Catholics, or laborers, or nudists—nor do Negroes; nor will the enfranchised Negroes of the South.

If that is true, the South will not hinder the Negro from voting—why should it, if the Negro vote, like

the women's, merely swells the volume, but does not affect the ratio, of the vote? In some parts of the South, the White community merely intends to prevail—that is all. It means to prevail on any issue on which there is corporate disagreement between Negro and White. The White community will take whatever measures are necessary to make certain that it has its way.

What are such issues? Is school integration one? The NAACP and others insist that the Negroes as a unit want integrated schools. Others disagree, contending that most Negroes approve the social separation of the races. What if the NAACP is correct, and the matter comes to a vote in a community in which Negroes predominate? The Negroes would, according to democratic processes, win the election; but that is the kind of situation the White community will not permit. The White community will not count the marginal Negro vote. The man who didn't count it will be hauled up before a jury, he will plead not guilty, and the jury, upon deliberation, will find him not guilty. A federal judge, in a similar situation, might find the defendant guilty, a judgment which would affirm the law and conform with the relevant political abstractions, but whose consequences might be violent and anarchistic.

The central question that emerges—and it is not a parliamentary question or a question that is answered by merely consulting a catalogue of the rights of American citizens, born Equal—is whether the White community in the South is entitled to take such measures as are necessary to prevail, politically and culturally, in areas in which it does not predominate numerically? The sobering answer is *Yes* —the White community is so entitled because, for the time being, it is the advanced race. It is not easy, and it is unpleasant, to adduce statistics evidencing the median cultural superiority of White over Negro: but it is a fact that obtrudes, one that cannot be hidden by ever-so-busy egalitarians and anthropologists. The question, as far as the White community is concerned, is whether the claims of civilization supersede those of universal suffrage. The British believe they do, and acted accordingly, in Kenya, where the choice was dramatically one between civilization and barbarism, and elsewhere; the South, where the conflict is by no means dramatic, as in Kenya, nevertheless perceives important qualitative differences between its culture and the Negroes', and intends to assert its own.

NATIONAL REVIEW believes that the South's premises are correct. If the majority wills what is socially atavistic, then to thwart the majority may be, though undemocratic, enlightened. It is more important for any community, anywhere in the world, to affirm and live by civilized standards, than to bow to the demands of the numerical majority. Sometimes it becomes impossible to assert the will of a minority, in which case it must give way, and the society will regress; sometimes the numerical minority cannot prevail except by violence: then it must determine whether the prevalence of its will is worth the terrible price of violence.

The axiom on which many of the arguments supporting the original version of the Civil Rights bill were based was Universal Suffrage. Everyone in America is entitled to the vote, period. No right is prior to that, no obligation subordinate to it; from this premise all else proceeds.

That, of course, is demagogy. Twenty-year-olds do not generally have the vote, and it is not seriously argued that the difference between 20 and 21-year-olds is the difference between slavery and freedom. The residents of the District of Columbia do not vote: and the population of D.C. increases by geometric proportion. Millions who have the vote do not care to exercise it; millions who have it do not know how to exercise it and do not care to learn. The great majority of the Negroes of the South who do not vote do not care to vote, and would not know for what to vote if they could. Overwhelming numbers of White people in the South do not vote. Universal suffrage is not the beginning of wisdom or the beginning of freedom. Reasonable limitations upon the vote are not exclusively the recommendation of tyrants or oligarchists (was Jefferson either?). The problem in the South is not how to get the vote for the Negro, but how to equip the Negro—and a great many Whites—to cast an enlightened and responsible vote.

The South confronts one grave moral challenge. It must not exploit the fact of Negro backwardness to preserve the Negro as a servile class. It is tempting and convenient to block the progress of a minority whose services, as menials, are economically useful. Let the South never permit itself to do this. So long as it is merely asserting the right to impose superior mores for whatever period it takes to effect a genuine cultural equality between the races, and so long as it does so by humane and charitable means, the South is in step with civilization, as is the Congress that permits it to function.

Nyet This, Nyet That, Nyet Him

The putative purpose of the general elections to be held in West Germany is to decide whether Konrad Adenauer shall remain in office—to hold Germany in line with his pro-NATO foreign policy, his pro-capitalist domestic program, and his plan for the reunification of Germany through free all-German elections. But as Comrade Khrushchev understands

them—see his current speeches directed at West Germany from captive East Germany—they will be a plebiscite on a somewhat different set of issues, which he defines as follows:

1. No nuclear weapons for Germany (if Germany adopts them, the Red Army will reduce her to a radioactive desert).

2. No free all-German elections on any basis whatever.

3. No German participation in NATO, or any other Atlantic alliance.

But he turns out to be talking about the same elections, after all, as witness his final slogan:

4. No Konrad Adenauer.

K. O. for Joe Louis

The jury's exoneration of James Hoffa in Washington three weeks ago forces NATIONAL REVIEW to live with some of its grand pronouncements about the utility of the jury trial as a final court of equity, above the law, above, even the facts. These facts, we say without quailing at the thought of a libel action being brought against us, are that James Hoffa a) attempted, against the law, to get confidential information from a member of a congressional committee, and b) beat the rap by hiring himself one helluva smart lawyer who, by the time he was through with the jury, had it convinced that the only way to signify its approval of Joe Louis was to acquit Hoffa.

Edward Bennet Williams is a charming, resourceful, and intelligent man. He first gained prominence by defending Senator Joe McCarthy in the censure proceedings initiated against him by the Senate. Alas, that was, as far as we know, the only case Ed Williams ever lost: no doubt because his client did not do as he was told. Williams went on to defend Major Icardi, Frank Costello, and now James Hoffa. McCarthy to Hoffa, via Costella, in four years, makes extrapolation too horrible to consider. The law may become for Ed Williams what it was becoming in his later career for Samuel Liebowitz, and became for Clarence Darrow and other great legal technicians, who along the way ceased to advance the cause of justice, preferring to use the law as a vehicle for the personal display of wit and cunning. Surely it took cunning to get six Negro jurors on the Hoffa panel, and to import Joe Louis to drape himself conspicuously in the front row and seize every opportunity to exchange drooling embraces with his Old Friend, Jimmy, before the jury's streaming eyes. It took cunning, and a cavalier approach to justice.

We hope Mr. Williams will not accept the supreme challenge which is, of course, to establish beyond legal peradventure that American Communists are *not* seeking to destroy the Republic as agents of a foreign power, are, in fact, integrated and well-behaved reformists. We hope too, that before they are many months older, he and the Brown Bomber will see Hoffa behind bars, where he belongs.

The Queen and the New Round Table

When young Lord Altrincham fired off his journalistic blunderbuss last week, he scored a bull's-eye. For the next month or two, at least, his *National and English Review* will be the best known monthly magazine on either side of the Atlantic, and his subscription clerks are doubtless working overtime with joyous grins. But we suspect that even the new *enfant terrible* of English journalism is a little disappointed that his *succès de scandale* has remained on the level of personalities. His champions and his assailants, almost without exception, have been too angry or too tactful to recognize in his animadversions on Queen Elizabeth an attack on the monarchy as an institution.

The lordly young editor assures us that the Queen's voice and diction pain his fine ear. Granting that

Lord Altrincham is an infallible judge of all that is pleasing to every Briton, is the sovereign to be rated, like a Hollywood starlet, in terms of audience-appeal? Granting that it is improbable that the Queen will ever "do things which will make people sit up and take notice," is it the function of a constitutional monarch to *épater les bourgeois?* And when Lord Altrincham complains that the Royal Court is "snobbish" and composed of the landowners who have somehow managed to survive the egalitarian revolution, does he seriously hope that in the "classless court" of his dreams the Majesty of England will dance sambas with stevedores and green grocers? Or if these questions carry the logic of Lord Altrincham's impertinences farther than he intended, we may legitimately wonder on what assumption the monarchy could fulfill its constitutional function if it were degraded—whether voluntarily or under pressure—from the position of social superiority that is the necessary concomitant of the respect and veneration which it must excite in the hearts of its subjects.

A monarch reduced to the proletarian status of a public entertainer, as Lord Altrincham in effect proposes, would be an utterly useless excrescence on the state. If the Queen loses the right to her own personality and to her social status, she loses not only the attributes of majesty, but also the basic rights of human dignity—and it is the latter, we suspect, that are the real targets of the frantic levelers of our time. It is strange to find a professed Tory among those driven by envy and malice to seek a world in which no man can be—financially, socially, morally, or intellectually—their superior.

Who He?

After considerable huffing and puffing about the State Department's warning to the forty-odd young Americans who have been debating a tour through Red China on their way home from the Moscow Youth Festival, the *New York Times* finally proclaims that "Theirs [the youths' proposed jaunt to Peiping] is not the way to break the Iron Curtain." Since Red China still refuses to disclose what happened to numerous Americans taken captive in Korea, and since it still practices murder as an instrument of rule, we are glad to see the *Times* take the stand it does. Lest it be thought that the *Times* has reached a conclusion based on a moral principle, however, we take note that it would keep the Youth Festivalers out of China merely because of their tender years.

"Of infinitely greater importance," says the *Times* editorialist, "would be the issuance of visas to American newspapermen. . . . A mature newspaperman is certainly a better interpreter than are these free-riding young people." Quite aside from the question whether newsmen should have rights denied to others, what is interesting here is the *Times*' presumption that "maturity" can "interpret" by being on the spot in a country where it demonstrably cannot get the facts in the first place. From Walter Duranty to Harrison Salisbury, the *Times* has had lots of high-priced men in Moscow and learned very little that is not apparent to Eugene Lyons, say, in Pleasantville, N. Y., and repeated a great deal of nonsense that, from Pleasantville, Eugene Lyons knew to be nonsense.

Generations of "mature" reporters have come and gone in such places as Moscow, Poznan, Budapest and way stations, but which of them has called the turns? Where is the reporter who predicted the emergence of Khrushchev? And where is the "mature" newsman who heralded the coming of the Hungarian revolution? If the *Times* thinks so well of the ability of even the most mature newsmen to get information in a totalitarian state, we have a couple of simple propositions to put to its Moscow man. Let him get an interview with Malenkov on the kilowattage problem among the Uzbeks. And let him tell us if Molotov is dead.

And It Didn't Cost Him a Cent

Devotees of the careerman in foreign service who were so scandalized by the performance of Maxwell Gluck (see p. 159) should reflect upon the performance of John Carter Vincent, careerman par excellence, when interrogated by the Internal Security Subcommittee in 1952. Mr. Vincent had served twenty years with the State Department and was occupying, at the time he testified, the post of chief of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department.

Senator Ferguson was questioning Vincent. He read a statement by Georgi Dimitrov, Secretary of the Comintern, describing the Communist Party of China and the Chinese Red Army as "displaying miracles of heroism." Senator Ferguson then questioned Vincent as follows:

FERGUSON: Would you say that statement was or was not pro-Communist?

VINCENT: I wouldn't say that the statement was pro-Communist.

FERGUSON: You would say?

VINCENT: I would not say.

FERGUSON: You would not say. Do you know who wrote that statement?

VINCENT: I do not know who wrote that statement.

FERGUSON: Would you say it was anti-Communist?

VINCENT: I would not say it was anti-Communist.

FERGUSON: Do you know Georgi Dimitrov?

VINCENT: No, I do not.

FERGUSON: Did you ever hear of him?

VINCENT: No, sir.

FERGUSON: Do you know that he was a Communist?

VINCENT: I didn't know, sir.

FERGUSON: You have never heard of him?

VINCENT: Well, there are so many Russian officials, I mean, Dimitrov may have been a Russian official but I don't recall him now.

FERGUSON: That is all.

Committee Counsel J. Sourwine then handed Vincent a list of several score of the most important works by Marx, Engels and the Soviet Communist leaders, including the principal works dealing with his special field, China and the Far East.

SOURWINE: I will not go over them individually. The list includes *The Communist Manifesto* by Marx and Engels; *State and Revolution* by Lenin; *Foundations of Leninism* by Stalin; *Problems of Communism* by Stalin; *History of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union (Bolshevik)*, *The Program of the Communist International and Its Constitution, The Revolutionary Movement in the Colonies and Semi-Colonies,* and so on. You said that you had seen none of them. Is that right?

VINCENT: I testified that I had no recollection of reading any of them.

SOURWINE: Did you ever read any of the writings of Mao Tse-tung?

VINCENT: No sir, I don't recall reading them.

What's more, Vincent got his job *without* donating money to a political party!

Our Contributors: Alice-Leone Moats is a tough and witty journalist, headquartered in Mexico, whose books include *A Violent Innocence* and *Blind Date With Mars.*

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Jenner Moves to Curb The Court

During the past two weeks (*i.e.*, even with NATIONAL REVIEW on vacation) members of Congress continued to breathe fire at mere mention of the Supreme Court. One of them, what is more, did something about it. On July 26, Senator Jenner addressed his colleagues on the subject; then he introduced a bill, pursuant to Article III, Sec. 2 of the Constitution, that would limit the Court's appellate jurisdiction.

Though Jenner's speech was scarcely mentioned in the press (the *New York Times* decided a brief notice of it was fit to print on its radio page), it was a striking effort—a masterful documentation of the Court's assault on the nation's anti-Communist defenses, of the urgent need, that is to say, for the momentous measure he was proposing. Then, two weeks later, Jenner testified on behalf of his proposal before the Internal Security Subcommittee. That body quickly reported out the bill to the full Committee on the Judiciary where it is now under consideration.

The Jenner bill seeks to withdraw appellate jurisdiction from the Court in five areas—all involving subversive activities. ***"The Supreme Court shall have no jurisdiction,"*** it provides, ***"to review any case where there is drawn into question the validity of—***

Grand Inquisitor

"(1) Any function or practice of, or the jurisdiction of, any committee . . . of the United States Congress; or any action or proceeding against a witness charged with contempt of Congress." This section is an answer to the *Watkins* case in which the Supreme Court constituted itself, in Mr. Justice Clark's phrase, "the grand inquisitor and supervisor of congressional investigations."

Congress informs itself through its committees, most of which are investigating, or "fact-finding" bodies. In *Watkins,* the Court sought to regulate investigating committees in two particulars that seriously threaten Congress' ability to legislate intelligently. It required the committees, in effect, to specify *in advance* of an investigation what the investigation might uncover!—this, in order to enlighten the witness as to "the question under inquiry." And it gave First Amendment protection to a witness' refusal to testify to his knowledge of past Communist activities (Judge Youngdahl has already—in the *Peck* case—cast this interpretation on *Watkins*).

Of course, Congress could protect its investigative power by providing for contempt trials in the Chamber of the House or Senate, as was once the practice. Jenner felt that present-day demands on Congress' time made it advisable to go on sending contempt cases to the federal courts—however, without the right of appeal to the Supreme Court.

"(2) *Any action, function or practice, or the jurisdiction of, any officer or agency of the executive*

branch of the Federal Government in the administration of any program established pursuant to an Act of Congress or otherwise for the elimination from service . . . of individuals whose retention may impair the security of the United States government."

This provision, Jenner explained, would deprive the Supreme Court of all power to interfere with the government security program. He told the subcommittee it is high time to remove the Court from the field when it holds, as it did in the *Service* case, that "a regulation by the Department of State can destroy a statutory right" (Congress, in the so-called McCarran rider, had given the Secretary of State the right to fire summarily any employee whom he, in his sole discretion, deemed a security risk); and when it holds, as it did last year in *Cole v. Young*, that "a spy in a government department is not dangerous unless he is occupying a position . . . specifically classified as sensitive." (Several bills were introduced last year to "clarify" Congress' intention to make the security program applicable to all government jobs. Jenner was understandably dubious about the success of such legislation: it is hard to imagine any clearer statement of intent than that already on the books—which the Court brazenly misconstrued.)

The Right To Self-Protection

"*(3) Any statute or executive regulation of any State, the general purpose of which is to control subversive activities within such State.*" This section, Jenner said, would "protect the rights of the people to protect themselves . . . at the State level." With its *Sweezy* decision this year affecting state investigations, coupled with its *Nelson* ruling last year barring state prosecutions, he added, "the Supreme Court . . . has effectively blocked all State action in [the anti-subversion] field."

In the *Nelson* case, the Court ruled it had been the intent of Congress to pre-empt the anti-subversion field when it passed the Smith Act, *i.e.*, to exclude the states from jurisdiction. This notwithstanding the fact that Congress had expressly provided in the title of the U.S. Code containing the Smith Act that "Nothing in this title shall be held to take away or impair the jurisdiction of the Courts of the several States under the laws thereof."

"*(4) Any rule, by-law or regulation adopted by a school board, board of education, board of trustees or similar body, concerning subversive activities in its teaching body.*" The target here is the Court's decision in the *Slochower* case. "Control over our schools must be kept at the local level . . . and when the Supreme Court [denies] a community the right to determine the kind of teachers it wants to instruct the children of that community," it is time, the Senator said, to call the Court to time.

In *Slochower*, the Court forbade New York City to dismiss one of its school teachers for invoking the Fifth Amendment when asked about his Communist activities. In reaching its decision, the Court expressly underwrote Dean Griswold's understanding of what taking the Fifth Amendment implies (nothing); more than that, it held that New York City's action in drawing an inference of guilt was so unreasonable and arbitrary as to amount to a deprivation of due process!

"*(5) Any rule or regulation of any State, or of any board of examiners . . . pertaining to the admission of persons to the practice of law within such State.*" Jenner cited the *Konigsberg* case as justification for this final limitation. The board of examiners of the California Bar possessed compelling evidence that Konigsberg had a long-time membership in the Communist Party; Konigsberg refused to answer questions on the subject. There is probably no invasion of States Rights that has so stirred lawyers as the Warren Court's ruling that the State Bar of California and the State Supreme Court could not take this evidence into consideration in determining Konigsberg's fitness to practice law in the state.

OUR OPINION OF THE CONSTITUTION, WHEN IT LIMITS CONCENTRATION OF POWER:
JUST A GUIDE, A LEAF IN THE WIND, HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW
OUR OPINION OF THE CONSTITUTION, WHEN IT PROTECTS SUBVERSIVES:
OUR PRICELESS HERITAGE, FOUNTAINHEAD OF AMERICAN LIBERTY, BASTION OF FREEDOM
"MAJESTY OF THE
SUPREME COURT

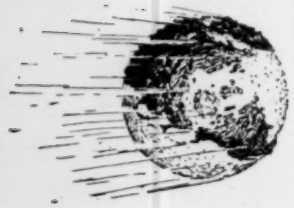
Kreuttner

"Look, Folks! No Hands!"

Only The Supreme Court

Jenner was not proposing, let us note, that any of these matters be removed from the jurisdiction of the courts. It is only the Supreme Court that is to be cut out. "No man," he observed, "has a constitutional right to more than one trial . . . Any appeal procedure is a matter of grace, not of right. Congress has conveyed upon the Supreme Court the appellate power which it has, and Congress can curtail or limit that power."

With regard to subversive activities, the Jenner bill pretty well covers the waterfront—with one notable exception. One wonders why there is no mention of federal anti-subversion prosecutions. Unless the Supreme Court is excluded from this area as well, *Yates* will stand—which means that numerous Smith Act defendants will be free to continue their work in the conspiracy. More importantly, *Jencks* will stand. Senator Jenner told this columnist he did not try to cover the *Jencks* situation in his bill because legislation dealing with the FBI files (the O'Mahoney bill) has already been introduced. This column has pointed out, however, that Senator O'Mahoney's bill will be struck down if the Court follows its ruling in the *Jencks* case. Limitation of the Court's jurisdiction is the only answer to the *Jencks* case—a drastic remedy, perhaps, but one that fits the seriousness of the need. For the word in Washington is that *Jencks* may force the Justice Department to drop its prosecution of Rudolph Ivanovitch Abel.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Galíndez and the Caribbean Frontier

The assassination of President Carlos Castillo Armas of Guatemala is part of an unfolding pattern of Caribbean events. Castillo, as a graduate of our Fort Leavenworth Command and General Staff School, as leader of the revolt against the Communist-directed regime of Jacopo Árbenz Guzmán, and as recipient of heavy U. S. backing before and after that revolt, was a prime symbol of the facts of life in the Caribbean. His death, in turn, is a symbol of Moscow's determination to change those facts.

The Monroe Doctrine blocks any open Soviet move into the Caribbean. The collapse of the Guzmán gambit confirmed, further, that we will not permit an avowed Communist party to take over any of the Caribbean nations. The Kremlin must therefore rely on a strategy of "indirect approach" and "enlightened terror."

Classic terror beats its victims into submission through massive force (and the threat of force) applied by a known source. Enlightened terror conceals the controlling source, and seeks, by manipulation of existing ideas and attitudes, to induce the prospective victims to destroy each other and themselves.

The objective of a Communist campaign of enlightened terror is to weaken resistance. One method is by isolating firm anti-Communists from the target mass. They will then no longer be able to influence events, and can be liquidated, if desirable. The handling of Mihailovitch and McCarthy can be cited as noteworthy examples. A second method is by stimulating a maximum confusion, on any opportune basis, in the target mass.

Blocked from direct penetration of the Caribbean, the Communists are using both of these interconnected methods in a campaign to splinter the strategic threshold of Fortress America.

In the armor of Fortress America, the Communists have seen the weak joint between prevailing ideology and geopolitical fact. Liberal ideology favors "democracy" everywhere, always and at all costs. But generally speaking, Latin American nations do not do well with U.S.-style democratic regimes. The more responsible, prosperous and reliable Latin American governments are apt to be authoritarian and military.

Down with Dictators

This is conspicuously true in the Caribbean basin, where the positions of prime strategic importance are all under governments that are authoritarian, pro-U.S. and anti-Communist. Three of these—Venezuela, the Dominican Republic and Cuba—are economically the most prosperous nations of the region as well as strategically the most vital.

The Caribbean basin offers a prime psycho-political vulnerability to a campaign of enlightened terror. Much of the Communists' work is done for them in advance. They find at hand a host of ready-made (and for the most part unwitting) accomplices. All good Liberals, and many higher-minded Conservatives, are automatically against the ferocious dictators who exploit the downtrodden Central American masses—and who just happen, by an inacceptable grant of destiny, to be our allies in the defense of Fortress America.

Moreover, throughout Latin America the Communists can count on the idealistic and vengeful "anti-fascism" of the thousands of refugees from the Spanish Civil War.

No one wept for long when the pro-American President of Panama, José Antonio Remón, was shot in 1955; and many actively applauded the 1956 assassination of Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza. Last month it was the turn of Castillo Armas—and shall a good Liberal lament a "U.S. agent" who destroyed by arms a "legally constituted government"?

The assassinations are an incidental by-product. The major political leverage is exercised against the regimes of the three key nations: Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Venezuela. The Kremlin cannot hope to install its own direct agents in place of Batista, Trujillo and Pérez Jiménez. It will be victory enough to throw these bastions of the American defensive position into socio-political chaos. What this could mean we may judge by glancing across the border of the Dominican Republic to the shambles on the other half of the guardian island of Hispaniola: to that apple of Liberal eyes, the democratic Negro Republic of Haiti.

The mounting campaign against the Three Tyrants of the Caribbean has during the past six months assumed more and more the lineaments and scope of the anti-Franco campaign during the Spanish Civil War. And indeed, many of the old actors reappear on the stage. How apt that at just this conjuncture the Leftist-Liberal doctrine on the Spanish War (swallowed blindly from the Kremlin dispensary) should be restated whole by Herbert Matthews, the Homer of La Pasionaria—and now of Fidel Castro!

Jesús de Galíndez

I am inclined to believe that the case of Jesús de Galíndez may hold a key to this Caribbean strategy. All threads seem to come together in the person of Galíndez: Spanish Civil War; the refugees; the dictators; vague exile organizations with large sums of unidentified money; the Liberal Establishment; terrorists; blundering footsteps of both Soviet and American intelligence; maximum political exploitation with a minimum of factual information; a tie-in with wide Caribbean objectives; the mode of treatment in the Communist press; the concealed efforts to block genuine investigation.

More crudely: whatever may be the truth about Galíndez as an individual, there hovers around "the Galíndez case" the smell of the K. G. B.

Unfortunately, we cannot expect the origin of that odor to be uncovered by Morris Ernst, whose nose even the political stench of Alger Hiss no longer sets twitching.

The Strange Past of Fidel Castro

Whether the Cuban rebel leader is a Communist or not is immaterial, says the author; he is playing the Communist game, as American newspapermen might have learned by investigating his record

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

The propaganda put out by so-called "liberals" has made it fashionable to hail any revolution as a crusade fought in the cause of democracy. In consequence, the American press and public have been ready and eager to build up Fidel Castro Ruz as a Cuban George Washington.

Since Latin American political parties notoriously represent neither ideas nor ideals, but men, it would always have been naive to take Castro seriously in the role of a champion of democracy. Today, when the Communists overlook no opportunity to fish in troubled waters, it is sheer childish gullibility to accept a Latin American insurgent as a disinterested, independent patriot, risking his life in the service of liberty.

What kind of men are fighting in his army? Who is backing him financially? Has he any ties with revolutionary or political movements in other countries? Those are the first questions that should have been answered about Castro in the newspaper stories. Yet they haven't even been touched upon, although some of the answers are to be found in the files of the Mexican police.

Last year, Castro and twenty of his followers were arrested in Mexico City, charged with abusing Mexican hospitality by working under its cover to prepare a revolution against a friendly nation. According to the police, their suspicions were aroused by the busy comings and goings of political exiles in an apartment building at Emparan 49, and they set a close watch on the place. It is more probable, however, that they were tipped off by the Cuban Embassy.

Whatever the cause, they got on Castro's track and, on June 21, 1956, they were waiting for him at Mariano Escobedo 240, a building where he had rented an apartment. When he drove up in a green Packard with Florida license plates, he and his four companions were arrested. Three of the men were armed, and the trunk compartment of the car contained three machine guns, one high-powered rifle, five pistols, and two hand grenades of American manufacture. The owners of this lethal luggage explained that they had many political enemies and must be prepared to defend themselves against attack.

Castro and his brother, Luis, who was arrested later, protested that they were innocent—they had come to Mexico as tourists and were there for no other reason except to enjoy the sights. It was true that they had entered the country with tourist visas in 1955, when Batista granted Fidel an amnesty and he was permitted to leave prison without serving the fifteen years to which he had been condemned for leading a revolt on July 26, 1953. As it turned out, all fifty recruits in Castro's group were in Mexico illegally, either with tourist visas that had expired, or with no visas whatsoever.

Incriminating Evidence

The raid took place so unexpectedly that although thirty of the conspirators were able to go underground, they didn't have a chance to get rid of incriminating evidence. In the apartment at Emparan 49, which served as headquarters, in the one at Marano Escobedo and another nearby, and at the Rancho Rosa, thirty-five kilometers from town, the police found not only arms and ammunition, but also the fifty passports of the band, records, documents, files of letters and the key to the very simple code used. The stamps on the letters spelled out the messages, the value of each stamp representing a word.

There were numerous marked maps: of Cuba; of Havana; of all the towns in Cuba where government troops were stationed; of lines of communication. There were very complete dossiers on the fifty members of the July 26th Movement, as it was called, who were in Mexico with Castro. The dossiers included such details as the amount of target practice each man had had, notes of his character, qualities, defects, weaknesses, obedience to discipline, physical condition and endurance, talent for leadership. Besides that, each had been required to fill out a questionnaire about his background, his family connections, his friends and acquaintances.

A program drafted by the leader himself set down the times at which the men were to get up in the morning and go to bed at night, the number of hours to be devoted to training each day, the types of relaxation permitted, etc. There were instructions making it a duty to establish contacts in government bureaus, business companies, private and public organizations. Specifically mentioned were the telegraph and post offices, magazines, newspapers, union headquarters, political associations, universities, and social clubs. Special clauses in this document dealt with the punishments for insubordination and betrayal. The latter carried an automatic death penalty, which accounted for the difficulty the police had in making the prisoners talk.

At the Rancho Santa Rosa a training camp had been set up where the men were given instructions in the use of weapons of various types, in topography, military tactics, the organization of guerrilla bands, the manufacture of incendiary bombs and

the handling of high explosives. They practiced with rifles of 30-06 caliber, the model issued to the Mexican Army. The police were never able to ascertain where they had been bought, but Castro volunteered the information that they had cost $160 apiece.

At that time, the training had been going on for three months. It was supposed to continue for another six weeks, when the attack on Cuba would be launched—a lightning attack that Castro calculated would bring him victory within forty-eight hours. The fifty recruits were being prepared as officers and technicians, to form the elite of his army. Seven of them concentrated on learning to be accurate with long-range precision rifles, equipped with telescopic sights, in order to hunt down Batista at some public function. Just in case the sharpshooters weren't able to find the right opportunity to display their talents, there was an alternate plan to locate some enthusiastic volunteer willing to sacrifice his life by getting close to Batista and killing him with a hand grenade. A letter from one of Castro's agents in Cuba promised, "We will have a volunteer ready to carry the grenade." The same letter brought the news that other organizations were joining the 26th of July Movement.

Under Communist Patronage

All the expenses were budgeted: $400 a month for propaganda. (The leaflets found had been printed in Costa Rica by a Cuban officer.) Food and rent on the three apartments in Mexico City were set at $650 a month. (The Rancho Rosa belonged to a Cuban called Erasmo Rivera, who made no charge for its use.) Each man received ten pesos (about eighty cents) a week as spending money. Then there was an item of $850 a month for the purchase of arms and ammunition. This very modest figure was accounted for by Castro, who confided to the police that there were several million dollars worth of weapons hidden in Cuba, ready for use when the revolution started; what he bought in Mexico was only for training purposes. The two thousand and some dollars a month that went for running expenses was contributed, in five and ten dollar bills, by friends and sympathizers in Cuba, Miami and Mexico.

At first, the Mexican authorities took Castro's talk of a cache of weapons worth several million dollars as an empty boast, and the smallness of his budget made them think he was just running up a homemade revolution on his own little sewing machine. After they processed the documents uncovered in the three apartments and at the ranch, they changed their minds. Letters from agents in other countries provided evidence that groups similar to the one in Mexico were being trained in the Dominican Republic, Guatemala and Panama, and that many of the trainees were not Cubans. That added an international

touch that was somewhat disquieting.

In addition, the remarkable discipline preserved in the ranks of Castro's followers, and the unsual attention to detail, impressed the police as being very professional indeed. Fidel Castro, in private life, is a lawyer, and he has had very little military experience. Everything indicated that he had received the assistance of an expert.

Six days after the arrests were made, the police announced that they had uncovered proof that the movement was definitely under the patronage of Communist organizations, and inspired by them. Several of the dossiers mentioned Communist or left-wing activities in the past, and two of the men taken into custody—Candido Gonzalez Morales and Santiago Diaz Gonzalez—were definitely identified as members of the Young Communist Party in Cuba.

But far more important was the fact that there were two leaders sharing the command with Castro who had very interesting backgrounds: Ernesto Guevera Serna, with the title of chief of personnel, and Alberto Bayo Giroud, the director of the military training program. Both had managed to escape arrest and remained in hiding, but Bayo Giroud wrote a letter to the police asserting that Castro was merely the political director of the group, while he, Bayo, was the real head.

Links With the Left

Guevera Serna, an Argentine doctor, arrived in Mexico in 1955, after being expelled from Guatemala with a group of Guatemalan politicians when the Communist government of Jacobo Arbenz fell. He was an active member of the Russo-Mexican Institute of Cultural Relations, and had figured prominently in the past as a collaborator in revolutionary movements in the Dominican Republic and Panama. Besides acting as chief of personnel for the July 26th Movement, he served as the principal link between Castro and international Communist organizations. There was another man who acted as liaison with the Communists: Victor Trapote, a Spanish sculptor, veteran of the Spanish Civil War, who disappeared before he could be arrested.

The Mexican police described Bayo Giroud as "an international revolutionary with leftist affiliations." Born in Cuba, where his father happened to be serving as commander of a garrison at Camaguey, he studied four years in the United States before going to Spain and becoming an aviator. When he was dismissed from the air force in 1923, as the result of a duel in which he wounded a fellow officer, he joined the Foreign Legion, with the rank of Captain. On the side, he manufactured bombs and smuggled arms for the Madrid students who staged a riot against the monarchy.

As soon as the Civil War broke out, he went into the Loyalist Army and was made a colonel, eventually be-

coming chief of aviation. At the end of the war he fled to France with his family, then made his way to Cuba, where he hoped for assistance from wealthy relatives. They refused to have anything to do with the cousin they called "that Red," and he had a difficult time.

After trying a variety of professions with no success, he thought he would go to Mexico. A letter to JARE (*Junta de Auxilio a los Republicanos Espanoles*) brought prompt response in the way of first class steamship tickets for himself, his wife, and two children. In Mexico, he was doing fairly well when the authorities suddenly threatened him with deportation because he had entered on a tourist visa that gave him no right to work. Influential friends arranged for him to take back his Spanish nationality and remain as a political refugee, which makes it seem as though the Spanish Republicans thought him pretty valuable; such things are not accomplished in Mexico without a large outlay of cash.

Free-Lance Trouble Makers

He and his two sons eventually became Mexican citizens and all was going well when Alberto Jr. was thrown out of the Military Aviation School in Guadalajara, where his father was an instructor. Bayo maintains the boy was expelled simply because the head of the school hated Spaniards. Father and son were so embittered that they abandoned Guadalajara in 1948, in spite of the fact that the family had prospered there, and enrolled in a revolutionary movement that was being prepared to overthrow President Somoza of Nicaragua.

They went to Costa Rica where Jose Figueres permitted the rebels to train, but after several months of waiting, nothing came of the plans for revolution. The Bayos then accepted an offer from General Rodriguez to join the Caribbean Legion, which he had formed to destroy Trujillo. When that project ended in catastrophe, Bayo returned to Mexico and published a book, *Tempest in the Caribbean*, about his experiences with military amateurs. He obtained an appointment as instructor at the School for Aviation Technicians in Mexico City, a job he was holding when Fidel Castro asked him to train his future officers.

It became very clear when Castro finally invaded Cuba that his story about a cache of arms had been true. Although he may have exaggerated its value to the Mexican police, it must nevertheless have represented a large sum of money, far too much to have been raised in five and ten dollar contributions. Who did pay for it? still remains a big question, which American correspondents in Cuba apparently don't think worth trying to answer.

The Communist Game

In conversations I had with Mexican officials last year, they underlined the curious fact that during the week after Castro's arrest, there were incidents in Cuba, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina, and Peru. The way they phrased it was, "It is as if there were several streams all forming part of the same current. Some of the incidents started as local political rivalries, but they soon developed into wide-spread anarchy. The Communists undoubtedly managed to reap advantage from them." They also pointed out that the trouble took place just before the Panama Conference, and they were convinced that the incidents, as well as Castro's projected invasion of Cuba, had been carefully timed to build up an atmosphere of unrest that would torpedo the conference.

Whether or not Fidel Castro himself is a Communist is immaterial, since he does appear to be linked up with them and is playing their game by creating disorder in the Caribbean. Any disorder in that region is alarming for the United States, as it threatens our line of defenses and our access to the Panama Canal.

If Castro should win, the Cubans will only find themselves with another dictator on their necks. All historical precedent points to that outcome. The attitude of the men whom we glorify as patriots when they start an insurrection has been neatly set forth by President Figueres of Costa Rica. In January 1950 he wrote a letter to a friend explaining why, after starting a revolution to make Ulate President, he had actually permitted him to become Chief Executive. "I decided," he wrote, "to turn over the power to him, despite the fact that I could have retained it as long as I wished. I did it because it will be good for my future plans, and because by doing it I was able to maintain the surface appearances of the democratic forms which once did exist here in Costa Rica. . . . I stand to lose nothing by observing those appearances, because through that means I will increase my prestige. Moreover, I have left under my control all the really key positions, and at any moment that this monkey [Ulate] becomes an obstacle, I can have him thrown down from that high branch of the tree simply by making a phone call."

There are a few lines in another letter written by Figueres to Professor Edelberto Torres in 1948, which are worth quoting to show what the "patriots" who receive so much backing in our press think of American gullibility: "The Yankee, even if he is brutal, is deep down inside a child who must be deceived in order to handle him. I have dealt with them often in business, and I know that it is easy to get what you want if you are wise, because they are naive."

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

For Whom the Times *Chimes*

I recall a movie starring Fenimore Cooper,
Where the script called on him to super
Intend a bridge blowing,
All the while knowing,
Should he fail his rival, Franco Diabolé,
Would mussolin and take his best girl Ingrid Heming away.
(Meanwhile, back at the Alcaz are
Ernest, Herbert and Ezra
Pounding away at 60 words a minute,
Showing how to write a war and winute.)
Anyway the bridge gets blown
And a scene is shown
Where Hawkeye, clutching Ingrid, dies
Saying, "Ugh, sun will also rise."
I forget the rest of the plot,
But luckily the N.Y. *Times* has not.

JOHANNES EFF

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Tunisian Republic—and Other Republics

One of the phenomena which puzzle the serious historian is the revival of the republican form of government in modern times. We have seen, in antiquity, a republican interlude with an aristocratic, a plutocratic, and a democratic phase, and it ended, as Plato clearly foresaw, with tyranny. Eighteen hundred eight years elapsed before republicanism came back into fashion for what seems to be an unstable interlude; it is now menaced not by a standard type of monarchy, but by the perversion of hereditary one-man rule—the modern dictatorship.

Americans have a particular difficulty in judging the character of this process in the world around them. Whatever their school-books may tell them, their own nation did not become a republic on the basis of ideological conviction. Like Switzerland, the nascent United States, much to the dismay of some of the Founding Fathers, had to choose the republican form of government since there was neither a throne nor a dynasty to claim one. Francis Lieber has pointed out quite rightly that even the language of the *Declaration of Independence* is entirely respectful of the monarchical principle. "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people," is a statement which might baffle certain of our American contemporaries because they can no longer conceive of a "free people" having a "ruler."

Now that the Arab world has been enriched with another republic by the deposition of the Bey of Tunis, I wonder whether this has created any jubilation in the United States. The two other Arab-Moslem republics—Egypt and Syria—are a major source of headaches to American foreign policy. In the light of the experience of the last forty years Plato's prophecies are taking on a terrifying reality. In Russia, the fall of the imperial government generated a democratic interlude which lasted barely half a year; in Hungary the democratic republic collapsed after four months; in Germany the republican-democratic interlude went on for sixteen years, whereas in Austria parliamentarism was done away with less than one year after Hitler's grab for power in neighboring Germany; the Italian monarchical fiction died in 1922; Portugal, a republic in 1910, became a dictatorship in 1926; Spain, which went republican in 1931, produced two opposing dictatorships in 1936; Greece, adopting republicanism in 1924, drifted after a few years into a military dictatorship which, luckily, restored the monarchy. Rumania, Albania, and Bulgaria received their republican forms of government from the Muscovite progressivists. The real pillars of civil liberty and political stability in Europe, needless to say, are the monarchies of Northwest Europe—not France or Italy.

Plato and Polybius held that democracies have the tendency to develop into tyrannies but that tyrannies, in turn, are likely to become stabilized by evolving slowly into hereditary monarchies. Attempts along this line were made by Napoleon and Ahmed Zogu of Albania. Yet it is highly doubtful whether such an evolution is still psychologically and historically possible. One cannot visualize Tito or Mao founding a dynasty. Personal dictatorship, as Russia proves, has become a dead-end street of mutual assassination. The masses have been made to believe that republicanism is the acme of "modernity"; and "modernity" is the public idol of our age. Everything must be sacrificed to it, regardless of cost. Thus, in spite of the fact that monarchy in many parts of the world has assumed the character of a Golden Age, there is very little actual hope for its return because it belongs to the very essence of "golden ages" that they are irretrievably past. "Monarchy?" an old Austrian said to me the other day, shaking his head, "It'll never come back again. We don't deserve it. It's much too good for us."

The specifically negative aspect of republicanism, outside as well as inside Europe, is its inherent affinity for aggressive ethnic nationalism. Monarchy, with its limitless marriage-affiliations, was always a supranational institution. And while nationalism is slowly and surely subsiding in Europe (accompanied by an ebb in republican sentiment), there is a rising tide of it among the Asiatics and Africans who now seem to be in the clutches of a mixed frenzy of imitating, *and* shaking off, everything Euro-American. Their hatred for so many of the values of the "white," quondam Christian civilization is counterbalanced by an almost religious worship of other values, most of them of 19th-century vintage, exported to their countries by second-rate European minds. In Euro-American terms the cultural and political climate of the Afro-Asiatic world is completely *fin-de-siècle* (a reading of Nehru's Memoirs proves it only too well), and is thus reminiscent of the curious ambiance in which the so-called American "liberals" still are living. This odd mixture of "enlightment," Marxism, sociological aggressiveness, Jacksonian if not Jacobin democracy, ideological intolerance, laicism and collectivism also characterized a good deal of Naziism.

All of which means that the Free World can expect very little from the rise of an Afro-Asian "republicanism," because it spells neither liberty nor democracy but a nationalist, very provincial-minded dictatorship, pure and simple. Egypt has underlined the pattern; from the monarchy of a playboy—ineffective, happy - go - lucky, but inoffensive — to Nasser. Back of this development there is the great grievance factory: Moscow. Here is the dynamo for all movements towards pseudo-monarchical one-man rule which need republican slogans in order to clear the way for tyrannically guided, collectivistic mass movements. These republican slogans, it seems, are also designed to win American sympathies. Here and there they are bound to be effective.

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Any Old Hook

The ideal contemporary American ambassador is a man who flies abroad for the harm of his country. He represents not the nation that accredits him, but the nation to which he is accredited; his task is to enrich that nation at the expense of this (by upping the ante on foreign aid), and bring down the walls of International Misunderstanding (that is, eat humble pie over the shortcomings of his native land, and plead the virtues of his adoptive land). Whether or not he typifies American life and American culture; whether or not he knows anything about the United States, or has even lived here in recent decades, are matters of indifference, or of concern only to persons with outmoded notions about diplomacy. If he has forgotten English, it is of course desirable for him to re-learn it while he is abroad (else how can he dissipate American misunderstanding upon his return?); but what is indispensable is that he should, like Guess Who I and Guess Who II, speak like an angel in the language of his hosts.

With minor exaggerations for the sake of emphasis, those are the attitudes that underlie the current Liberal line on ambassadors—and that render comprehensible the particular kind of furor the Liberal propaganda machine, spearheaded as usual by the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*, has kicked up over the appointment of Maxwell H. Gluck as ambassador to Ceylon.

Ungluechlich Glueck

A furor was, of course, called for: just as the Liberals are as much against Communism as I am, so I am as much against the appointment as they are. But for different reasons:

I couldn't care less whether Mr. Gluck really knows the name of the Prime Minister of Ceylon; but I object enormously to his not having sweated up that and other pertinent information the night before (or, as F.D.R. did before his famous pre-inauguration conference with Hoover, at least get it all down on little cards that he could carry in his vest pocket).

I don't mind in the least his not knowing Nehru's first name; but I mind enormously his not having been able to dig himself out of that hole without admitting he didn't know it. I view with indifference his evident ignorance about Ceylon, but deplore his ignorance about America—as revealed in his failure to plead the Fifth Amendment on the question about Bandaranaike, and the First Amendment on the question about Nehru (the indicated response: "I'll answer that question, Senator, when you tell me what legislative purpose you have in mind; a simplified spelling statute, maybe?").

I am unconcerned about his being uninformed (Could Jefferson, when he went to France, pronounce La Rochefoucauld? Could Franklin, when he went to France, reel off the Christian names of the King? Did Claude Bowers, when he went to Spain, know how far it is from Zaragoza to Seville? Did Chester Bowles, when he went to India, know that Nehru is a Communist stooge? Does he, for that matter, know it even now?); but I view with grave concern his being a dope.

And I have no quarrel with his getting himself in line to be a shirt-sleeve ambassador by giving $30,000 to the Republican Party; but I am appalled at his apparent lack of the qualities that, as one likes to think, a man has to have in order to get rich enough to afford such an extravagance. In short: I *like* the idea of our being represented in Ceylon by a shirt-sleeve diplomat; but I want him to be a *good* shirt-sleeve diplomat—which Mr. Gluck clearly can't be. He will disgrace the cause of shirt-sleeve diplomacy, and thus hurt the national interest. (I have reluctantly abandoned the idea, a very attractive one through the hours just following Gluck's interrogation, that he *pretended* ignorance, so as to become the first ambassador in history to put a foreign country on the map—which he has surely done—without even visiting it.)

That is why I speak above of the new concept of diplomacy, and of the particular kind of furor the machine has kicked up about the Gluck case. For those of us who still wish American ambassadors to lie abroad for the good of the United States, the Gluck case indeed raises questions worth a furor, namely: How could so foolish an appointment have got through the White House patronage machinery? Does the President not get acquainted with a potential appointee before appointing him? What steps does he propose to take in order to make sure it doesn't happen again? But these are precisely *not* the issues the *Times* sees—or rather pretends to see—in the case.

Fast Logic

Mr. Gluck is clearly not the man to represent the U.S. in Ceylon, the *Times'* reasoning runs; Mr. Gluck is a patronage, that is, shirt-sleeve ambassador; therefore—and how's *this* for a non-sequitur?—there must be no more shirt-sleeve ambassadors. The Gluck case, in other words, becomes the occasion for a second barrage of the kind of propaganda the machine subjected us to at the time of the Bohlen appointment: ambassadorships must be reserved for permanent foreign service officers; only they are competent to do an ambassador's work; and something—something *drastic*—has got to be done about the chief remaining argument against the proposed monopoly, which is that only rich men can afford to occupy most of the key ambassadorial posts.

What must be done? Why, let Congress make available to ambassadors the funds they need in order to live it up with the diplomatic crowd in foreign capitals. "The question," writes James Reston from Washington, "is . . . whether, as Mr. Gluck has demonstrated, [Congress] . . . wants to pay what it costs to get them."

(*Continued on p. 166*)

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Other-Directed Champion of Other-Directed Court

Mr. David Riesman, whose sociological study, *The Lonely Crowd,* became a national best-seller, is a rare type among sociologists. Unlike most of his colleagues, he has at one time or another shown considerable imagination and a willingness to stand off from, and critically appraise, the shibboleths of the Liberal atmosphere in which he has his being.

It was therefore with considerable shock that I read in a recent issue of the *New Republic* his unreasoned and intemperate blast directed against anyone who dares to be critical of the line of decisions the Supreme Court has been handing down. The irrational virulence of this attack was matched only by his uncritical adulation of the present Court itself ("the eloquent Chief Justice"—"the great Supreme Court decisions of June 17"—"the recent decisions are more courageous even than the admirable school-desegration cases").

Mr. Riesman, in addition to being a sociologist, is a trained lawyer. Yet throughout his article there is not a word that reflects an understanding of the structured imperatives that are essential if law is to prevail above opinion. There is no suggestion that the fundamental guarantees established by a compact between sovereign states in a Constitution of divided powers might have relevance for liberty. The "vindication of civil decency and freedom" rests not upon the Constitution, but upon the Court's refusal to recognize the criminal character of the Communist conspiracy and upon the doctrinaire egalitarianism with which it rivals Thaddeus Stevens' attempt to ride rough-shod over state sovereignty.

What is the explanation of Mr. Riesman's enthusiastic acceptance of the Wave of What Everybody Knows To Be Truly Good and Beautiful? After all, he not only popularized the concepts of other-directedness and inner-directedness; he showed a considerable preference for the latter.

It is true that not so long ago he became, along with Richard Hofstadter and Peter Viereck, one of the perpetrators of the "theory" of "pseudo-conservatism," which holds that no one who opposes the Roosevelt revolution can do so from principled and rational motives but must be driven by the devils of a pathological unconscious. Their "authoritarian personality" makes them "pseudo-conservatives," in sharp distinction from the respectable kind of conservative who, like all right-thinking people, naturally accepts statism, collectivism and egalitarianism as the proper forms of the good society.

Still, one had hoped that this was but a temporary aberration on Mr. Riesman's part, an aberration that might quickly be dispelled by the good sense and the ability to see himself and his surroundings in perspective that he has generally displayed in his writings. This hope, it appears, was a vain one. Mr. Riesman now anathematizes as "pseudo-conservatives" all critics of the Court. (Even Mr. Justice Clark "spoke in the recent civil liberties cases with the forceful and unambiguous simplicities of the pseudo-conservative.") He has no need to engage in serious intellectual combat with the principled position of the Right, since those who hold that position are psychopathic, and the sociologist need pay no attention to the content of their fantasies. Protected from rational or emotional challenge by the cozy feeling of "belonging," he can ignore all serious intellectual issues.

But the issues the recent decisions of the Supreme Court raise are not so easily swaddled in cotton wool. Granted the dangers of governmental tyranny over the individual person and granted the complex moral problems posed by the historical development of the Southern states, there remains the fact that American freedom has been based not upon abstract precepts enforced without regard to circumstance, but upon a constitutional structure, created to limit power and *thus* preserve and extend liberty. Both in the understanding of the states that ratified the original constitutional compact and in the constitutional practice that prevailed at least until recent years, the virtue of our governmental system was presumed to arise from the division of powers between the several states and the three branches of the federal government. In the preservation of the tension between them, it has been believed, the guarantees of our liberty were founded.

To assume, as Mr. Riesman and those among whom he moves do, that a single chosen abstract good justifies the destruction of that tension by arrogating power to one or another center—Presidency or Court—has been the political heresy of the 20th century in the United States. To achieve a putative good, the intellectual leaders of the country (whose first responsibility should have been to look beyond the immediate to the fundamental) have been willing to sacrifice that division of power which has been the basis of American freedom. The constitutional tension has been undermined by the invasion of the power of the states and the power of the Congress. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court have carried this invasion so far as to threaten to coalesce the Executive and the Court and leave them the sole repository of decisive power.

The re-establishment of the balance and tension upon which freedom depends calls for the assertion by the Congress and the states of the role envisaged for them in the constitutional compact. Their power still remains sufficient to re-assert that role (not to destroy the power of the Court and the Presidency, but to bring it within proper bounds), provided they possess the understanding and the will to do so.

It is to do what he can to develop this understanding and strengthen this will that the principled conservative —Mr. Riesman's "pseudo-conservative"—raises his voice in criticism of the Court. He is impelled by no Freudian psychic drives, but by a devotion, lost to Mr. Riesman and his friends, to the ancient and rational principles of the American Constitution.

ARTS and MANNERS

GARRY WILLS

Mass Culture Criticized en Masse

Mass Culture (The Free Press, $6.50) —a selection made by Bernard Rosenberg and David Manning White —is a complete and urbane record of the pap, or poison, fed us by the mechanical mammae of TV, movies, and the press. Most of the views expressed are easily predicted (it is surprising how little the experts can add to the criticism any literate man can level against the mass media). Even if we did not know what to expect on this subject, the contrasting introductions of the two editors give us the main schools of thought—the Isaiah school, which sees a new dawn glowing through the TV screen, and, more numerous, the Jeremiahs, who find the mass media irredeemable. A third class of essay appears, the strict sociological survey, which shows by means of lengthy questioning and tabulation that quite a lot of people listen to the Hit Parade. All three approaches are sterile; none points to any solution.

Had these critics left, for a moment, the windows of their ivory towers, and looked at mirrors, they might have discovered that this is an age not only of degraded popular arts but of encyclopedic critical erudition—that is, an Alexandrian age. Behold the learned journals from which this book was collected. In their preciosity of style, their highly scientific treatment of art and semantics, their learned approach to barely literate comic books, we see again the codifiers of myth, the dissectors of a dying culture.

This book, in its detached air, its clinical approach to life, its listing of all views, attempts to be, as were the Alexandrians, scientific in a field dependent on human values. It is observation in a void, and as one of the book's own essays (by Lowenthal) points out, this kind of observation is self-defeating. By approaching each symptom with the clinical agnosticism of a scientific observer, one loses any historical insight he may posses, any frame of moral reference, any norms for judging human behavior. This can only lead to a criticism of taste, not of creed or morals.

The Fear of Values

And here we have the reason this book cannot fight the mass media's natural mediocrity. The "do-good" substitute for morality affects the critics too. Their philosophical relativism has led to practical indifferentism, for the man agnostic of truth cannot be aggressive for good in this tangled, human world where moral issues are obscure. Socrates said morality depends on our first defining "the Good." But the modern teacher accepts only Socrates' disavowal of knowledge, not his love of definition; certitude has become a stigma in the academic world.

Not that the issue is a black-and-white conflict of sin and sanctity. The great vice of TV, it happens, is not obscenity but sentimentality. To please everyone, to flatter all groups, TV must adopt a "do-good" morality entirely separated from a quest for truth. Success always comes to "the good guy." Marriage or divorce effortlessly follow on "Love." Discussion always begins with an avowal that the opinions aired are not meant to contradict any held by the listener.

The authors contained in this collection limit criticism to research; they are afraid to defend a set of values and be called intolerant, to appeal for action and be called demagogues. The age of the fireside chat, the moderate President, the mild menace, the restrained critique, is upon us; the Alexandrian age, uncreative, un-angry, uncommitted, forever cataloguing. Today anger and dedication are "fascist," connected with pictures of a gyrating Hitler, or "obscurantist," linked to pejorative formulae about "the dark ages." But Jefferson as well as Aquinas defined; Patrick Henry harangued as well as Hitler. The age which will not risk being wrong has no hope of knowing what right or truth means. It can only deplore the poor taste of extremists and wonder why there are inarticulate masses.

The prime need of our age is not for more polite criticism, but for a belief in Truth as something categorical and not relative, in knowledge as man's noblest faculty, in religion as a creed, not as a "do-good" humanitarianism. Once this trust in the Mind is gone, the salt loses its savor, and mass culture results; all things are watered down. True culture, born of the difficult quest for truth, melts into a mass flight from difficulties. We cannot blame the evil of our times on the times themselves; not our environment, not the new technological trimmings of our life, but a deep failure in man himself causes the mediocrity and vapidness of a mass culture.

Sign of Decay

TV will stop lulling us with pap, and return to the fact that art is an irritant, a challenge to men to realize their humanity, when religion ceases to be primarily a comfort for man, and becomes again a duty to God, a commitment to Truth. Mediocrity can only be fought when the pseudo-virtue of "broadmindedness" is attacked (the last thing this terribly broadminded study will encourage). Narrowness is a fault in many things but the mind is an analytic scalpel; and narrowness in a knife is called *edge*.

The men who can improve our mass society are not the mass critics; for that we need committed individuals impatient of error—men intolerant and on the attack, not moderate men, inoffensive, broadminded. *Mass Culture* is as much a sign of our decay as any comic-book horror or bit of pornography it analyzes. There was life in a falling Rome—enough to fuel hate in a Juvenal and dedication in a Jerome. Because they were human and impassioned, the assault of these two great social critics was creative, not a catalogue of symptoms; its virulence was that of an anti-virus to drive out pestilent growths with more violent life. The dead detachment of our modern studies shows how terribly we need an anti-biotic, a *bios*, an eruption of man's energy, more terrible than the atom's.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Dust for an Adam

ROBERT PHELPS

Speaking of Dante, Charles Williams once pointed out how consistently he began with "the common thing," with particular, local details he himself had witnessed. No matter how high into greater meanings his vision ascended, it always originated in "the girl in the street, the people he knew, the language he had learned as a child."

This ought to seem too obvious to mention. After all, where *else* should a poet begin? Yet these days, when I name certain writers among those under fifty (*i.e.* the young), what I know is missing from all their books are just these particulars. They all make adequate sentences. They all have some originality of vision. But they know so little about *the substance life uses to happen with,* their senses have apprehended so few of the sights and sounds, smells and textures, rhythms and rituals, of the incarnated world, that their books seem like theorems. It is as though God, with the idea of Adam in mind, had not been able to lay His hands on enough dust to embody him.

Nor is it only the young who lack this "dust." Think of Gide; or Henry James; or even Yeats, who spent so much time searching through folk tales and astrology for substance. On the other hand, think of writers who had plenty: all that rich detail of rigging, weather, and maritime routine which Conrad had to draw on; or the pan-creature world Colette was at home in. And compare the *Georgics,* where almost every line relishes some "common thing" which Virgil has seen and loved, with the *Aeneid* where so much of the time his vision has only synthetic myth to work with.

The luckiest poets will be four-times-blessed. They will have the gift of passion, the fire inside. They will have the gift of the tongue, born babblers in whom words come up like spring water. They will have the gift of vision, that inner eye which sees its own image wherever it looks. And finally, they will have the gift of belonging: to a locality of landscape, society, ritual and work which will provide them with "the common things" their other gifts require.

It has been Andrew Lytle's luck to have lived and belonged in a world as richly phenomenal and purely unprefabricated as Shakespeare's Stratford, or Colette's Burgundy. And just as *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* would only be another good sea story without Conrad's intimate knowledge of his ship, so *The Velvet Horn* (McDowell-Obolensky, $3.95) would be only another good novel without its author's precise, loving knowledge of life live on plowed land, among virgin forests, and innocent of the industrial revolution.

Of course it has other virtues. Its title is as beautiful as any in American literature. It tells a cunningly plotted story. It speaks with a radiant seduction of language, and the exalted lyric monologues of one of its characters, Jack Cropleigh, can stand beside those of *Nightwood's* Doctor O'Connor. There is resonance and overtone everywhere, and its wild Cumberland woodlands are so shimmering with vision and "correspondences" that their mighty white oaks seem like so many of Baudelaire's *vivants piliers.*

But its uniqueness among the novels appearing this autumn will owe itself to the sheer quantity of "common things" which Andrew Lytle has known with passionate exactness, and which in turn he makes us see, as though for the first time. He knows, for instance, the difference between the feel of night air on an open meadow and night air ten feet farther on, where trees begin. He knows not only the *idea* of this difference—which anyone, sitting in an air-conditioned office, might imagine; but his skin has apprehended it, and enabled him to recall half a dozen tiny, insoluble particulars which, in turn, involuntarily stir his sense of language when he comes to render them.

He knows, similarly, how a turkey cock looks and sounds when approaching the female: precisely how he flourishes his glory of feathers, and treads the ground, and what the color of his wattles is.[1] He knows the smell, touch, and humbling authority of virgin timber. He knows how a buck deer swims. He knows a dozen, two dozen, differing qualities of darkness, and twenty exact truths about the stance of a pea fowl. He knows the taste of a forest pool and the taut feel of doeskin trousers over tensed thighs. He knows how to witch a well.

He also knows, I believe, more about manliness than any other writer in America today. This is a rare subject in our literature. Poe, Melville, Twain, Stephen Crane—they all wrote about adolescents, whose emotional gravitation was still largely homoerotic. Hemingway's only real man, in *To Have and Have Not,* is pastorally oversimplified. Fitzgerald in *Tender Is the Night* and Westcott in *The Pilgrim Hawk* have probably come closest to persuasive attempts, though neither Dick Diver nor Alwyn Tower is entirely manly. Certainly Faulkner has never got beyond Daphnis and Chloe, and all

[1] A suggestion: find a copy of *The Velvet Horn,* turn to page 128, and read the long paragraph beginning four lines from the top. If you do not then buy the book, steal it, or otherwise make it available to yourself, nothing I can say here—no comparison with Dante or summary of plot—will do any good. Forget the whole thing, and go your way the poorer.

of Henry Miller's talk about fornication is puberty plain. Robert Penn Warren writes about men, but I myself have never brought away from his novels any sense of what their essence amounts to. And though a number of our best writers, for instance Allen Tate, possess an intricate masculinity of mind, they write out of it, rather than about it.

The Velvet Horn is about a metamorphosis as mysterious and majestic as anything in Ovid: on page one, Lucius Cree is a boy, still in his 'teens, and able to stand naked before his uncle. On page 372, he has become a man: shy now, keeping a secret counsel of one, ingenuous still, as a man always is, and slowly discovering three novel needs: honor, work, and a wife.

I would not know where to look for a better novel about manliness than *The Velvet Horn*. One of the reasons Andrew Lytle has been able to write it is, I am sure, the fact that he also writes about a world where manliness was still possible: a part of the earth's surface where people lived in immediate, needful, and uncontemptuous relation with animals, crops, and seasons, and where the same man who could breed a jackass and plant wheat could also speak French and Greek and a heraldic variety of English; where, too, he could name the stars, hunt a stag, use God's name meaningfully in vain, and choose a cherry tree in his own orchard to be planed into his coffin; where his biceps, wits and sperm were all necessary to his survival, and not merely ancillary occasions for liver injections, haberdashery ads, and scented shaving cream, and where, finally, the whole pitiful propriety and pathology of the "liberal"—who would rather be nice, and tame, and a damned liar, than ever a man—was as mercifully unknown and preposterously unpredictable as a television antenna.

Twenty years ago, Andrew Lytle was among the dozen or so young men who published a manifesto called *I'll Take My Stand*, in which they unfashionably defended the agrarian values. Lytle called his chapter *The Hind Tit*, and it was a noble piece of scourging. Today, in *The Velvet Horn*, he has done something even better. The didactic tone is gone, and there only remains a passionate voice, singing the things he loves. Aptly, he dedicates his text to John Crowe Ransom, a poet whose work and person he once evaluated in two sentences which now apply equally well to his own: "others have critically presented the case for traditional value. He has *represented* it."

Psychologists—Mammalian and Human

Since man began rationally to examine himself, he has known that his consciousness is like a torch carried along a dark road in an unknown land. We can discern with some certainty the part of our mind on which the torch sheds its flickering light, but all around lie regions of darkness from which come unbidden memories that no conscious effort can evoke, impulses that challenge reason, and the wordless cries of the part of ourselves that Aristotle calls *to orektikon*.

Man is instinctively afraid of the dark and the unknown, whether in the world outside or within himself. In primitive societies wizards and witches claim to control the unseen powers of nature; their successors in more sophisticated societies profess to command the far more awesome powers of darkness within us.

Unquestioning faith in the efficacy of the magic rites devised by Sigmund Freud is the condition of admission to the fraternity of these modern witch-doctors. It is also a valuable asset in the shadow-world of quasi-psychology, quasi-sociology, surrounding the pschoanalytic holy of holies itself.

Search for Love (World, $3.75) is a ripe specimen of the product of the Freudian sob-sisterhood. Miss Lucy Freeman, its author, has brought together a collection of letters sent to her, she says, by unhappy people. Some of the letters are pathetic, written by men and women whom a superficial education has deprived of the support and protection of the traditions that our forefathers wisely erected as barriers against the unknown within us. Others, I suspect, were written by persons so unkind as to practice upon Miss Freeman's naiveté.

To each letter Miss Freeman subjoins a reply in which she mixes platitudes with exhortations to seek salvation on the magic couch. She assures us that "Hunger for love quivers [*sic*] all about us," and that Freud is "the emancipator of mankind from emotional bondage." One wonders how many unwary readers will swallow this confection of sentimentality spiced with superstitution.

Moving from the retail to the wholesale, Alix Strachey in *The Unconscious Motives of War* (International Universities Press, $5.00) provides remedies for the ills of nations from the same storehouse in which Miss Freeman finds salve for the individual soul. Since her book is too implausible to be a hoax, we must accept her publisher's assurance that she really exists and has collaborated on a translation of Freud. She serves us a bubbling cauldron of the now commonplace witches' brew in which bats' wings and toads' toes are replaced by "erotogenous zones," "urethral instincts," and the muck that Freud imagined children imagine. All of this weird mythology, we are told, somehow leads to the conclusion that wars occur because every man, woman, and child in the world is not under the care of a full-time psychoanalyst. Mrs. Strachey sadly admits that there is no feasible way of importing the requisite number of warlocks.

This kind of "psychology," manufactured either by mattoids who try to convert their resentment of their betters into a Science or by "social

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workers" eager to sink their mandibles deeper into the body politic, is so common today that we need occasionally to be reminded that psychology is also a field of study for sane and honest men. *Basic Psychology* (Random House, $3.95) is, therefore, a welcome and reassuring book. In it, Leonard Carmichael, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, summarizes the basic methods of psychological investigation and the results thus far obtained.

He is fundamentally a conservative, a man who respects facts, distinguishes between logic and fancy, and has the courage to tell the truth as he sees it. He admits, for example, that some of the irreplaceable factors of intelligence are hereditary, that a class structure saves the majority of men from intolerable mental and emotional strain, and that economic leveling frustrates basic human desires. But he goes further: he recognizes the primary function of education.

> One hundred years ago in every good American college practically all undergraduates could translate Greek prose into Latin verse. Training of this sort gave each student a feeling for the subtlety of words and for the distinction between words and concepts that is not easily developed in any other way. And as we have seen, the use of the right word . . . is at the heart of those aspects of mental life which are most surely human as distinct from merely mammalian.

This statement will be most vociferously denied by those to whom its truth is most obvious, for the future of our educational and psychological racketeers depends on the success of their efforts to make men merely mammalian. REVILO OLIVER

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

SECRET SERVANTS, by Ronald Seth (Farrar, $4.00). Although written in a style appropriate to a pulp "men's magazine," this book contains much worthwhile material concerning the history of Japanese espionage. The author, who has written three earlier works on spying, was himself a British spi (it says here on the jacket). He has drawn from a combination of captured Japanese documents, now in the Library of Congress, and a number of obscure American books on the subject. One suspects that one or two chapters that seem weaker than the rest must have come from the latter source. So, presumably, must the repeated errors in geography and nomenclature. But for all that the book is a tolerably good survey of a fascinating subject. M.M.G.

AT WHATEVER COST: THE STORY OF THE DIEPPE RAID, by R. W. Thompson (Coward-McCann, $3.50). Captain Thompson's book is military history at its best; and his subject is worthy of the writing. The Dieppe raid was a concentrated moment of courage of the order of Pickett's Charge or the Charge of the Light Brigade. Of the 6,000 men who stormed the beaches at Dieppe in the early morning of August 19, 1942, by noon 4,000 were lost. Captain Thompson tells the story of the countless feats of heroism that filled those nine hours, magnificently, in a low key that never allows flamboyant language to come between the reader and the reality. Of the reasons for the raid, and its justification, the best he can say after a serious examination is that certain negative lessons (such as the need of heavy preliminary bombardment and of fire support during and after landings) were learned, without which the cross-Channel invasion of June 1944 might never have been successful. He barely hints at another reason for the disastrous raid: the political pressure in England and the United States in 1942 for the opening of a second front. F.S.M.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF ORGANIZED LABOR, by John A. Fitch (Harper, $3.50). This is a pedestrian encomium of labor unionism, such as any professional unionist might write, provided he were inclined to temper his praise with an admission that on rare occasions a labor leader has been known to stoop to unethical practices. Otherwise, unions are a valiant force for social betterment. In the foreword we are told that it was written under the aegis of the Federal Council of Churches and by virtue of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Another illustration of the profit in being a Liberal writer these days. F.C.

THE TOWERS OF TREBIZOND, by Rose Macaulay (Farrar, $3.75). Perhaps because in reality they have been welfarized into near invisibility, the British continue in their light fiction to see themselves as they once were: the most redoubtably dogged eccentrics in all Europe. In Rose Macaulay's new novel, a trio of oddlings—Widowed Aunt, Water-Coloring Niece, and High Anglican Missionary—turn up in Turkey, where they talk, sketch, write letters, and thoroughly enjoy being British. The plot is mostly about the white man's burden, *cum grano salis*, and lightly peppered with temperamental camels, poet apes, archbishops, the Soviets, etc. Best read on mild midsummer afternoons, along with several cups of nice unintoxicating tea and, if possible, out of Spode service. R.P.

MAN INTO SPACE, by Hermann Oberth, translated by G. P. H. De Freville (Harper, $4.50). Here are designs for electric space ships, a monopodous car for traveling on the moon, and adjustable space suits. Among the *obiter dicta* is a brilliant suggestion for political scientists: make all political candidates take tests with a lie detector to determine the sincerity of their promises to the voters. This idea has possibilities, and obvious improvements will suggest themselves to everyone, e.g.: the readings of the lie detectors should be automatically recorded and correlated by a computing machine, which will select the winning candidate in less than a minute. And the elected mayor or congressman will take weekly examinations in which his performance will be compared with his original promises, which will be retained in the machine's "memory." The machine will automatically note discrepancies by administering a shock—say 100 amperes at 50,000 volts. R.P.O.

To the Editor

The Foresight of our Founders

I was especially gratified by the article by James Burnham, "Why Not Investigate the Court?," in your issue of July 20. . . .

As though gifted with prophetic powers, in a letter to a friend in 1820, Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"Having found, from experience, that impeachment is an impractical thing, a mere scare-crow, they consider themselves secure for life; they skulk from responsibility to public opinion. . . . An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous, and with the silent acquiescence of lazy or timid associates, by a crafty chief judge, who sophisticates the law to his mind, by the turn of his own reasoning."

All of which quite accurately describes our present Supreme Court.

MORTIMER C. LYDDANE

Chevy Chase, Md.

Applause for Mr. Wills

Many, many thanks for the wonderful article "*Time*style" by Garry Wills (August 3). Mr. Wills deserves a great pat on the back for two reasons: for pointing out what is happening to our language under the onslaught of the economy-minded mass media and for illustrating an old point of Aldous Huxley (*Brave New World*), that the task of the manipulators of the future is to persuade men to love their servitude, especially the servitude implicit in not being allowed to think for themselves and to say No to the Establishment, whatever it may be.

Time, by sugaring over every issue with its blasé, omniscient sophistication (Riesman's "inside-dopester" institutionalized and revered) lets us all play God, reviewing the world while the government pocket-picking goes on unnoticed. Congratulations again for the most perceptive article I have yet read in your magazine.

Chicago, Ill. JAMES MEEHAN

A Review of the Reviews

The journalistic schizophrenia, paranoid type, which has characterized the book review section of the *New York Times* and those who hope that some of the prestige once attached to that journal will rub off on them, receives proper attention in the August 3rd issue. Mr. Kendall has demonstrated how a determined insistence upon points I and II is made to seem respectable by occasional and perhaps unintentional snatches of sanity.

Good for Mr. Kendall.

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dissent on Dr. Graham

To my mind William Schlamm's column on Billy Graham was regrettable [July 27]. He may express his opinion in his unique and interesting way concerning cheap and sexy theatricals, best sellers, and other subjects but the coverage of a Billy Graham meeting is far removed . . .

Dr. Graham is bringing a message of hope and faith to thousands in a sincere, capable and dignified manner. According to Mr. Kaltenborn some 1,260,000 persons attended Madison Square Garden up to July 19 and 35,228 responded to his call. A portion of these will find homes in comfortable, even air-conditioned churches. . . .

Tacoma, Wash. MRS. BURNS POE

The Muse Prompts . . .

NR makes clear our Highest Court
Is listing dangerously to port.
It follows that the Congress ought
To skip appropriation.

Without emoluments the Nine
Unjustices might well decline
To judicate, which would be fine—
Still better, they might all resign
In time to save the nation.

MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

New York City

Locke on the Girard Case

NATIONAL REVIEW, July 6: John Locke's "ideas on civil government . . . were lifted by Thomas Jefferson and placed bodily into the text of the Declaration of Independence."

John Locke, in his essay *On Civil Government*, wrote: "I doubt not but this will seem a very strange doctrine to some men: but before they condemn it, I desire them to resolve me by what right any Prince or State can put to death or punish an alien, for any crime he commits in their country. 'Tis certain their laws . . . reach not a stranger: they speak not to him, nor, if they did, is he bound to hearken to them. The legislative authority, by which they are in force over the subjects of that commonwealth, hath no power over him. . . . I see not how the magistrates of any community can punish an alien of another country. . . ."

Seattle, Wash. MILTON DIX

Racing—Conservative Bastion

As a subscriber, not only to your magazine, but to your objectives, I am anxious that you make no mistakes. Your editorial on the Aga Khan entitled "Death of a Friend" (July 27 issue) proved the greatness of the Aga and was correct except in one respect, the statement that his great works were "obscured though not destroyed by his Riviera and race course antics," . . .

The Aga's greatest achievement was in breeding and racing horses. . . . No dilettante ever succeeded in this field, the most competitive of all endeavors, to which many of the great people of the world have put their minds (the late Lord Derby, Winston Churchill and his father, the present Duke of Norfolk, great Catholic peer, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson . . . and thousands of others). Among all these men, the Aga ranked near the top because his breeding influenced the horse all over the world. . . . As an institution going back to antiquity, racing and breeding is, next to the Catholic Church, the greatest citadel of conservatism and traditionalism and is holding its place. . . .

The governments of England, Germany and France regarded the continuation of breeding (selecting the best each year) as so important that all the traditional fixtures (Derby, Guineas, St. Leger) were run each year during both world wars. . . .

Cincinnati, Ohio ESLIE ASBURY, M.D.

Free Men Shouting Defiance

As you can guess, since I am, I imagine, what would be classified a Liberal, I am not often in tune with many of the thoughts of your contributors. But this makes little difference because I enjoy reading other

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men's own, personal, free (often too free, too uncontrolled), independently-arrived-at thoughts. You are not slaves to a hypothetical mass market so that all ideas must be sterile, comforting, standard and in tune with the mass mind as the advertising department sees it; nor are you all slaves to the set, opiniated and dogmatic ideas of one man with the result that all your writers and so-called thinkers are trained to think and write in the mode of the Big Man who has his own ideas about the way the country goes to Hell and the way it is saved.

For example, during the last days of the campaign, I (the alleged Liberal) was terrifically interested in your views. Although a bit amused by your writers' curse-on-both-your-houses attitude, I respected it because I knew it represented honest and sincere opinion. On the other hand, the propaganda method of [publication's name withheld], turning even the weather into pro-Ike sentiment, was beyond my endurance simply because I knew it was . . . the product of a well-oiled machine. . . .

I do, however, feel compelled to register one dissent from the general high quality of NR. I feel that your staff is too strongly committed to the cult of modern conservatism. To one detached from it, the cult seems to be founded on the idea that, since the New Deal, genuine conservatism has lost its power as a political force, so the best thing to do is shout and push as intensely as possible in the hope that someone will hear or feel. The effect is of the remaining Lords, all crowded under one roof, shouting defiance in the face of what they feel is inevitable defeat. . . .

Ann Arbor, Mich. GARRY HEHER

THE LIBERAL LINE

(*Continued from p. 159*)

But let me translate: The *Times* wants to level rich men down, and bureaucrats up (how can an oligarchy function without some real plums with which to reward its servants?). It wants, in any case, to keep the embassies in the hands of suitably generous one-worldists, which means keep them out of the hands of men with a stake in—and loving familiarity with—the United States.

And just as any stigma will do to beat a dogma with, any hook—e.g. the Gluck case—will do to hang one on.

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